

# The World

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## 345,468 WORLDS

PER DAY.

### UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

May 7th, 1889.  
After a thorough examination of the Circulation Books, Press and Mail Room Reports and Newsletters of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipts bills from various Paper Companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the demand checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED and ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the Month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED and NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED and TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF THE WORLD.

W. A. CAMP, Manager N. Y. Clearing-House.  
O. D. BALDWIN, President American Loan and T. Co.  
THOS. L. JAMES, President Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM.  
31) 10,709,520 (345,468

Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the Month of March last was

345,468.

Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the Month of March last was

342,206.

### LUMINOUS DARKNESS.

The darkness that enveloped New York last night was the best tribute to Lumanus FERRIS's memory. It was policy on the part of the electric light companies, but policy which the people's voice dictated. Death drew not the illuminating power that New York wants. It is not the weakness of science, but the strength of greed, which makes the wires that feed the electric lights highways of death. The people want the electric lights, but they object to making a graveyard one of the elements in the battery. It is unnecessary.

Corporation Counsel CLARK was right in not permitting any delay, and Judge ARDREWS showed the right mettle when he said he would sit till midnight if necessary to hear the case.

The Board of Health is not subject to injunction when citizens' lives are in question, and it may take a band in the game. The electric companies can do all that the people ask, but they are not going to lose a penny if they can help it.

The people have only to insist to win their point. All they ask is safety to human life, with the electric light. It is the danger they want put out, not the lights.

They will win.

### AN OLD WAY IN A NEW FIELD.

The Republicans have made a bold attempt to steal the State of Montana. They have employed their old tactics. They deliberately threw out the vote of a precinct which gave a good Democratic majority. If the courts sustain this brazen theft in Silver Bow County the Republicans will secure a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature, where the returns, had they stood, would have given a Democratic majority of five. The action of the canvassers was purely partisan and based on trivial technicalities. The cure for this should be prompt. Let the crook in the silver bow be straightened at once, or an era of malevolent promise will span the horizon of the new State.

The wrong is too brazen and familiar not to be recognized.

### BAD FOR BASEBALL.

According to the regular schedule of the American Association, adopted in regular form at the March meeting of that body, the championship season closed yesterday and Brooklyn became the winner of the pennant.

By a lappedroning "supplementary season" arrangement St. Louis proposes to wrest from the rightful winners the honors obtained in fair and open contest.

To the fair-minded crank, aside from all prejudice, such a proceeding as that would appear farcical and unjust to the last degree, and a championship so obtained would be a flimsy and empty honor.

For its own good, and that of the National Game, the Association should hope that the attempted hippodrome may fail.

### JUSTICE PERVERTED.

The Earl of GALLOWAY has been tried and acquitted of the charge of assault on the little Gibson girl. After weeks of attempt to disprove the child's father from pushing the charge, GALLOWAY, the brother-in-law of the Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister of Great Britain, was declared not guilty by twelve men, each with a landlord in his mind's eye.

The child's statement, corroborated by several witnesses, was only offset by the noble Earl's assertion that he was the victim

of circumstances and didn't mean any harm. The Judge's summing up was a scandalous insult to the men in the box to acquit the titled culprit. This is British aristocracy.

### A GOOD GROOVE TO RUN IN.

Score one for Commissioner of Public Works GILROY! The Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Street Crosstown Railroad Company has adopted the grooved 15-inch of an inch wide rail. Nothing but car-wheels can catch in that groove, and every New York owner of a thing with wheels, except surface road companies, will rejoice at GILROY's triumph. Now is the time for the rest of the surface roads to take example. Sometimes it is good to run in a groove.

The proposition of Mr. PUTTNER to be one of twenty-five citizens to subscribe \$100,000 each to a World's Fair. Guarantee Fund having met with but one response, Mr. PUTTNER yesterday sent to the Finance Committee his personal subscription of \$50,000. The press of New York has so far shown its zeal in behalf of the proposed World's Fair. It has done more for its share of the work, and it will no doubt manifest its liberality when the subscription books are fairly opened.

CHAUNCEY M. DEWEY has been brought up standing. To a reporter at Old Point he said: "I know about lots of things, but Virginia politics is one of the things I never could understand." Is it the politics of Virginia or the politicians that have dazed Dr. DEWEY?

FURMAN despatches say that in voting for a King out there MALIBATO said MATAPA was the man for the crown, and he would be content to be Vice-King. Who has been telling him of the power behind the throne?

RUSSELL HARRISON has tripped up on his big cattle deal in Montana, and the New York Loan and Trust Association has sold him out. Prince Russell's pull does not extend to Montana short horns.

### SPOT LETS.

A Philadelphia gas official has been discharged for "curbstoning." He gassed at consumers' bills, without the meter's aid, and the probable accuracy of his figures led to his detection.

Room-mates quarrelled in Salem, N. J., and one drew all the bedclothes away from the other. The other then dropped his hand carelessly on the one's nose, and there followed a suit in court over the broken member.

Now Autumn Rumpus puts to rest and chilly winds to blow high: The story-teller is coming in.

The Chickasaws have raised a commotion and re-baptized their treaty by disfranchising the white husbands of equals of the tribe.

From draw poker to a drawn knife was an easy transition in Antonio Thomas's room in Seventh Avenue. Bomer's tooth was slashed, and the other party to the argument is locked up.

Stealing a policeman's chickens in Harlem for a Greek restaurant in South Fifth Avenue has got the thief and the restaurant-keeper behind bars.

"Now, really, what is the most astonishing thing you saw in Paris, Mr. Spicer?" asked Miss (tinsler), and Miss Spicer's husband Seth answered, "My hotel bill."

There are mothers-in-law and mothers-in-law. An East Fourteenth street man has one who threw him out of doors when he refused a row about his wife's Winter wrap after spending \$1200 on his own clothes.

By trying twenty-five pounds of stone about his neck, a Little (Pa.) man succeeded in holding his breath under two feet of water long enough for suicidal purposes.

### POLITICAL ECCHES.

It is said that the legislative aspirations of Alderman James M. Fitzsimmons are to be gratified this year. He will be the Tammany candidate for Assemblyman in the Thirtieth District.

Ex-Coroner Dick Fitzsimmons will be the County Democratic candidate for Assembly in the Thirtieth District. He expects the Cowley-Sprague Republicans to support him.

Ex-Judge George M. Curtis has a crusade against William Sulzer, and he is going to try and get even with the young lawyer by stumpng the Fourteenth Assembly District against him in favor of Jacob Kunzman. He expects the Cowley-Sprague Republicans to support him.

John E. Shea is launching over the published statement that he is a formidable County Democratic candidate in the Eleventh District. The ex-Alderman is strong in his fealty to the Fourteenth street Wigwam organization.

James J. Phelan has refused to stand as a candidate for Recorder, and James J. Steyer's name is said to have been written in place of his on the Tammany slate.

### ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Samuel Crook, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, who is the champion standing high and broad jumper of America, is a student at Williams College. His home is in Brooklyn. He is a diligent student. His size is of the medium variety.

Joseph Condon, of the New York Athletic Club, is extremely fond of the following bowl: when it is on the ground in the alley. He is one of the directors of the New York Baseball Club. In appearance he is tallish, slenderish and baldish. His popularity is of the huge kind.

"Frog" Connershy does the colors of the Brooklyn Bicycle Club. He is a little of a frame, but big in muscle and vitality. He holds two Lane Island road records, and is on the road to more. He recently bicycled 128 miles in ten hours out in the "Oranges."

Capt. Cowan, of the Princeton football team, who has been elected to succeed Ames, is like unto a Texas steer in size and strength. He cuts a wide swath through an opponent "toss line." He can carry two or three ordinary footballists clinging to his back and shoulders and will not yell "down!" until he has to a corner standstill, which it usually requires an entire eleven to do.

### WORLDINGS.

The youngest bank president in the country is probably Abraham Levi, who directs the affairs of the bank of Manning, S. C. He is twenty-six years old.

One of the owners of the Spoiled Horse Mine, of Montana, is Mrs. McQuinn. Recently she drove into Helena in a hackboard, unattended, carrying a gold brick worth \$40,000. It took two porters and a truck to get the heavy mass of gold from the wagon into the bank.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist, is sixty-one years old. He is a man of rude features, with piercing eyes and a firm mouth. His beard is white, and the hair tumbles over his head in a way that suggests the need of a barber.

## JEFFERSON-FLORENCE.

Suppose that some nice, ambitious young playwright, with self-assurance and a manuscript, were to walk into the offices of Augustin Daly and Daniel Frohman and offer these gentlemen "The Rivals," that play never before been seen before. I wonder whether either of these managers would to-day accept it, and that's what I thought of between the act last night at the Star Theatre, when Jefferson, plus Florence minus Gilbert, appeared in the delightful old play.

I came to the conclusion that in "The Rivals" there are as many felicitous touches, and so much of the true, undiluted essence of comedy that managers would to-day accept it, and that's what I thought of between the act last night at the Star Theatre, when Jefferson, plus Florence minus Gilbert, appeared in the delightful old play.

The completely admirable performance given last night simply charmed an audience in which there were probably less than fifty people who hadn't seen the play before. Artistically, I can't help thinking it rather a pity that Jefferson, the representative American actor, should appear in one of the most brilliant theatrical seasons in the same old play, the play that he has played for decades. Of course it is charming, and Jefferson's Bob Acres is a delight to a refined theatre-goer and an amusement to an unrefined theatre-goer. But he has been Bob Acres so often. Where is the ambition that prompts the artist ever onward to fields unconquered and to glories unwon? With Jefferson it is not Van Winkle and Bob Acres; then for Varieties' sake Bob Acres and Hilp. Varieties, I think, is impossible to improve—yes, but in this progressive age not a single man can afford to rest on his laurels and bask in the embers of self-satisfaction. Like the dog with the tin kettle tied to his tail, he is urged ever onward—or, if he isn't, he ought to be.

But "The Rivals," as presented at the Star Theatre, would interest any English-speaking audience on earth. Jefferson as Bob Acres, W. J. Florence as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and Mrs. John Drew as Mrs. Malaprop, made a triangle of excellence not to be surpassed. Florence was unctuous and impressive as Sir Lucius. His brogue, however, was hardly the kind of thing you meet in Ireland. It was a good stage brogue, but not convincingly Irishman. Mrs. John Drew's work was just as good as ever, and you can't improve upon perfection. Her Mrs. Malaprop is flawless. The exaggerated coquetry, the ostentatious verbosity and the almost pitiful foolishness of this "weather-beaten old shag-dog" will always be remembered.

The company on the whole was good. Edwin Varney appeared in John Gilbert's part, Sir Anthony Absolute. Of course it is quite the thing to throw up your hands and say in doleful accents, "Ah! How I miss John Gilbert in the part." I'm not going to be very doleful. In the first act I didn't like Varney at all. He was too stereotyped and unfeelingly exact. Perhaps he was nervous. Later, however, he did exceedingly well, and seemed to enter into the spirit of the part. Frederick Paulding made a colorless Captain Absolute and Miss Viola Allen a rather theatrical Lydia Langshue. The two small parts were excellently played, and it is to the small parts, usually assigned to rising talent, that I look and hope. Miss Agnes Miller was a capital Lucy and George W. Denham a most praiseworthy David, though he struggled a little too much for a second act.

ALAN DALL.

### VANITY FAIR.

The beautiful opal to often used as a seal mounted on a bird's claw, with the monogram or crest of the owner deeply cut in the face. It is especially in the silver cover of prayer-book, Bible or souvenir volume.

Every woman in the city threatens to buy a fur cape, and the prospect is delirium materialized.

The latest accessory of a lounge or divan is a comfortable of elder down made of two shades of India silk and bound with velvet. A slumber robe of this sort retails for \$25, and a home enterprise can duplicate it for \$10, or less.

Fond mothers have a baby corner in the family room. A canopy of blue silk and portieres of lace form the inclosure which, rugged with a white bear fur or lamb skin, is furnished with a shell-shaped cradle mounted in lace, and white chairs.

Very many well-to-do and delightful correspondents habitually sign their private letters with their initials only. Surely this is an era of suspicion.

There is no prettier ink service than a black bottle and oblique tray of plated or sterling silver.

Florists show fancy baskets of green, pink, blue, white, silver and gold, with curved handles, and some of them are really beautiful. As roses are used in filling the graceful hamper, and the prices, while high, are nothing like as far reaching as they will be ninety days hence.

Threads of bronze and copper woven about the rubber gas tube give that part of a lamp a decidedly snake-like appearance.

### STOLEN RHYMES.

Dr. Denker's Rhetoric.  
I, who no valiant can be,  
Drunk wine,  
Then, dream that for myself alone  
All beautiful  
I, when my pocket lacks bright gold,  
Drunk wine,  
Then dream that dazzling wealth untold  
Is mine.

I, when misfortune turns the heart,  
Drunk wine,  
And quickly sorrow's tears depart—  
Sweet wine,  
My gold has flown, love's days are over,  
And now will I go more and more  
Till I go mad.

On Windy Days.  
When charivari bells  
Adorned with brass,  
That glad the heart and entrance the eye  
To the street,  
Then shall I hail as they pass  
The sparkling cars as they pass by.

Her Hand-Mirror.  
Not like the polished steel in jewels set,  
Which fairer faces of old-time romance  
Have seen, but like the face of a woman,  
You are, frail shape of shining glass, and yet  
Not like the face of a woman, but like mine.  
You and all nature owe to beauty's glance,  
To give back all the smiles, nor ever change  
The face that looks at the face that looks at the face.

My love, with soft devotion, worn and night  
Tells all her troubles over to your mirror,  
And you, my love, with soft devotion, worn and night  
Tells all her troubles over to your mirror,  
And you, my love, with soft devotion, worn and night  
Tells all her troubles over to your mirror.

Trouble Brewing.  
Keene—There's trouble brewing for American, I tell you.  
Keene—How so?  
Keene—Because the Englishmen are buying up all the breweries.

### All Used Up

Strength all gone. Tired out. Overworked. Feeling weak and miserable. You must not neglect your health. Delays are dangerous. The downward tendency of your system must be stopped. You need the tonic, strengthening, building up properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla to restore you to health. Give you an appetite and make you active, cheerful and willing to work. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

## TALES OF THE HUNT

### "Evening World" Competitors Give Experiences with Rifle and Gun.

### An Occasion when It Fairly Rained Ducks at Barnegat Bay.

### A Nimrod Who Had Both His Gun-Barrels Shot Off by a Companion.

### Conditions.

THE EVENING WORLD hereby opens a hunting contest on a timely and interesting feature. The first story created a great deal of interest, and tales of adventure with dog and gun will prove no less entertaining. The prize—a double gold engagement ring—will be given for the best hunting story submitted.

Judge Henry A. Gilderdeve, who is a great hunter himself, has consented to act as judge and award the prize.

They may be as short as the authors desire, but must not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address: *Evening World, 110 Broadway, New York City.* This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Nimrod.

### Exciting Adventure With a Grizzly.

Every one knew Hank Ferris, out in the Big Horn country. He was an old-time trapper, and hunted for "revenue only."

While encamped on the Big Horn in the Fall of 1873, Hank and I came upon an old grizzly. He got the "wind" on him, and I took my position behind a boulder while Hank maneuvered for a shot to drive the bear in front of me. I finished him from my ambush as he passed.

When I came up the bear was hanging Hank and me by its claws. Hank was a good shot, and fired and missed. Realizing Hank's danger, I tried to get my gun into the bear's back.

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for the house, deciding we had made quite a respectable bag for one hunt.

L. D. L.

### A Three Days' Hunt for Cotton Tails.

It was on a crisp and frosty morning in the after part of November in the mining camp of Hauman, Saguache County, Col., which bordered on the San Luis Valley, that the writer and his "pard" bundled together their equipment, which consisted of a farm wagon and team of broncos, one Winchester repeater and an old single-barreled and a double-barreled shot-gun, and started for a three days' hunt. Our shooting commenced in the center of the valley, which spread a small stream, for a mile on each side of which was a thick growth of sage brush, fairly alive with grouse, rabbits and quail. We had a few shots at deer, also.

The first night we were attacked by wolves, but didn't let up until we shot three. We returned home with seven—three cotton tail, seventy jack rabbits, thirty-two grouse, seven small and many fine line experiences to relate. Some of the time we shot game while standing in our wagon.

J. K. Jones,  
South Brooklyn.

## A TICKET TO-NIGHT.

### This is Tammany's Date for Starting Its Campaign.

Tonight Tammany Hall's County Convention meets in the Fourteenth street wigwam and will nominate a full county ticket to be voted for on Nov. 5.

Such, at least, the majority of Tammany leaders interviewed this morning declared to be the intention, which was strengthened after a personal of the William D. Grace citizens' manifesto which was made public last evening.

"I think that the bosses will find it difficult to swing either the entire County Democracy or the Republican vote for this so-called citizens' movement," said one.

"I know that the leaders, in both the organizations are not a bit in favor of the introduction of this ticket," he continued, but, of course, the objectors will bow to the will of the majority.

While the chiefs of Tammany Hall are encouraging each other with arguments of the sort, the ardent disciples of the natural action are eagerly conspiring with other parties of last Fall's election returns to prove how easy it is going to be to elect a Democratic ticket.

The favorite returns with them are those on the vote for Sheriff, in which Flick, the Tammany candidate, received 10,000 votes, and the opposition ticket being 14,000.

They say that, giving the Wigwam ticket 100,000 votes, which allows for a natural action as a result of patronage in the principal departments, the citizens' ticket will have the support of at least 75,000 Republicans and 40,000 County Democrats.

Chamberlain (Croker) recognizes that this is an emergency which must be met and overcome by the organization of which he is the head, and he has come to the conclusion that it must be the nomination of a ticket for a natural action, which will be composed of men of such ability and character that there will be no need to ask for a vote.

For Register Slevin's shoes there seems to be no strife, and he will probably be again placed in nomination.

Should Judge Van Hoesen not be re-nominated for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Henry Biehn, Jr., of the Fourteenth District, will probably have the nomination.

John H. Arnold is the only name which is now canvassed for President of the Board of Aldermen and his re-nomination is expected.

Lewis J. Conlan, of the Fourteenth District, is spoken of as Judge Holmes's successor.

The Republican County Committee has called its County Convention for Thursday of next week, following the citizens' mass-meeting, so that the voters of the Cooper Union ticket if that course be resolved on.

### NELLIE BLY'S NOVEL.

"The Mystery of Central Park." Nellie Bly's delightful story, which first appeared in THE EVENING WORLD, has been published in book form by G. W. Dillingham.

The story needs no word of commendation to THE EVENING WORLD readers, who were entertained by it in these columns, but to others it may be said that it is in Miss Bly's happiest vein.

The scene is one familiar to all New Yorkers, and the characters such as one meets every day. The plot is a startlingly new one, though it hinges upon a situation only too common in this city.

The story opens with a refusal by Penelope Hilditch of an offer of marriage from her lover because, (sooths, he is fat. Also in that he is an ornamental rather than useful member of society. He has no aim in life.

Still debating on the necessity, or lack of it, for his doing anything in the world, the two come upon the lifeless